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# ARTS & DECORATION

Special Exhibition Number—Edited by Guy Pène du Bois

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# The Spirit of Modern Art

By VAN GOGH



THE cart which one is pulling along must be useful to people who are unknown to us; our premonitions do not deceive us if we believe in the new art and the artists of the future. Good Father Corot said shortly before his death: "Dreaming this night I saw landscapes with rose-colored skies," and are there not now rose and even yellow and green skies in the impressionistic landscapes? This only to prove that we promise things for the future which then really materialize. However, we do not as yet stand at the rim of the grave, and we feel that art is greater and longer than life. We do not feel ourselves dying, but we feel that we are slight. And to be a link in the chain of artists we pay the hard price of youth, of health, and of freedom which we no longer enjoy, like the poor cab-horse who draws out into free nature the people who wish to enjoy the springtime, that hope of Puvis de Chavannes must and shall be realized: there is an art of the future and she must be so beautiful and young that if we now sacrifice to her our own youth we must gain in joy of life and peace.

# ARTS AND DECORATION

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NUMBER FIVE

New York, March, 1913

PRICE 20 CENTS  
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(SPECIAL EXHIBITION NUMBER)



"The Breakfast of the Canoeists," by Renoir

*Courtesy of Durand-Ruel*

## EXPLANATORY STATEMENT

THE AIM OF THE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN PAINTERS AND SCULPTORS

By ARTHUR B. DAVIES

ON BEHALF of the Executive Committee, I desire to explain the general attitude of the Association and especially in regard to the International Exhibition to be held in this city in February and March.

This is not an institution but an association. It is composed of persons of varying tastes and predilections, who are agreed on one thing, that the time has arrived for giving the public here the opportunity to see for themselves the results of new influences at work in other countries in an art way.

In getting together the works of the European Moderns, the Society has embarked on no propaganda. It proposes to enter on no controversy with any insti-

tion. Its sole object is to put the paintings, sculptures, and so on, on exhibition so that the intelligent may judge for themselves by themselves.

Of course controversies will arise, just as they have arisen under similar circumstances in France, Italy, Germany and England. But they will not be the result of any stand taken by this Association as such; on the other hand we are perfectly willing to assume full responsibility for providing the opportunity to those who may take one side or the other.

Any individual expression of opinion contrary to the above is at variance with the official resolutions of this Association.

(Mr. Davies is President of the Association.—Ed.)



"The Audience," by Daumier

*Courtesy of Durand-Ruel*

## CHRONOLOGICAL CHART MADE BY ARTHUR B. DAVIES SHOWING THE GROWTH OF MODERN ART

### CLASSICISTS

Ingres  
Corot  
Puvis de Chavannes  
Degas  
Serret

Cézanne

Gauguin  
Matisse

Post-Impressionists

Cubists  
Picasso  
(classic)

### REALISTS

Courbet  
Manet  
Monet  
Sisley  
Pissaro  
Signac  
Cassatt  
Lautrec  
Morizot

Cézanne

Futurists  
(feeble  
realists)

(150)

### ROMANTICISTS

Delacroix  
Daumier  
Redon  
Renoir

Van Gogh  
Gauguin



Portrait of the Artist, by Ingres

*Courtesy of Durand-Ruel*

## THE SPIRIT AND THE CHRONOLOGY OF THE MODERN MOVEMENT

By GUY PÈNE DU BOIS

**A**RT when there is no life in it is just as dead and just as worthless as a body when there is no life in it. Painting when there is nothing but life in it, when it is without regulation, is not art. But the latter is the lesser of the two evils. The world began by being barbaric and then it grew. Civilization taught the animal restraint, taught him art, the beauty of rhythm, of order. Clinging to these things desperately, he began to forget life, to build superficial structures, to erect a shell, barren, empty, lifeless. He had run to the other end of the tether. Only death was ahead of him. It is the old story of the man given a little rope and with gourmandise grabbing enough of it to hang himself. It is likewise a story that life has proved of the poverty in selective power of the feeble-minded. There have been too many academies, too

many pupils of academies, to whom contemporary success, worldly acclamation, has been a god or goddess worth singular worship. There have been, if economy is a virtue, too many sheep. These represent simply the inevitable waste. They are the tail of the comet representing the light but not the heat. They are the body from which the spirit has departed.

Art is not exactly life—it is greater than life. Life is barbaric, impulsive, unrestrained—a beast. Art is the restraint constructing order out of chaos. Too much order on the other hand, and we have death. Life is the root, the plant; art the gardener. He may not be too free with the plant because he may kill it. The purely realistic gardener, wildly in love with life, fertilizes his plant so that it may become a fine symbol of the power of life, of the undeniable force of its truth.

The classicist trains it so that it may become a fine symbol of the rhythm of life, of the order of it. The romanticist teaches it to become a fine symbol of the sensuous delight of life. Each of these three gardeners is following or rather furthering his own ideal of beauty, though perhaps in the accepted sense the realist is the least ideal of the three—the one with the least art, for he nourishes and protects and stands sponsor for, encouraging while not guiding, an animate being full of faults. Now the trouble in art has always been with the sheep, for the sheep are the feeble-minded and the feeble-minded can never penetrate deeper than the surface. They bow with reverence to the obvious and then they ape it, copy the clothes, forgetting the man beneath them. Sometimes they are wonderful craftsmen and improve upon the craft that is their inspiration, with the result that the world, standing ever ready to admire virtuoso until it learns that it is simply virtuoso, a gymnastic trick, awe-stricken, gapes its admiration. Time alone proves the fault generally. Monotony may hurry that proof. Monotony does hurry the inevitable reaction.

The cycles of art are like the cycles of life. They are

born, reach maturity and then the life gradually fading out of them, they begin the downward slide to death. often a very long slide, but at the base of which there is inevitably a new life begun, a renaissance—a renaissance that with the example of the death behind it, quite naturally, is anxious to avoid the disease that forced that death. The death of art, like the death of man, as has been said here, is due to the want of life. Monsieur de la Palisse, for all his very obvious truth, did and does make points with regard to facts that are so familiar, so ever present, that we forget their existence.

The International Exhibition of Modern Art, held under the auspices of the Association of American Painters and Sculptors, shows in chronological sequence, as arranged by Mr. Arthur B. Davies, its president, the starting points and the influences out of which has evolved the great modern art of the day—an art that is thoroughly imbued with the intoxicating serum of life. An art, furthermore, that is a reaction from cold, affected classicism, from false idealism, and that took its first steps toward freedom or independence in the figures of Ingres, one of the greatest classicists of all



Marine, by Courbet

*Courtesy of Durand-Ruel*



"Boas and Ruth," by Delacroix

*Courtesy of Durand-Ruel*

times, and Delacroix, the romanticist, who with his tremendous love of the sensuous criticized the classicists thus "in this painting there is no skin anywhere." The realist, Courbet, fills the gap between Ingres and Delacroix, and completes the trilogy from which has sprung the great art of the day. These three were incontrovertably connected with life. Their art epitomized life's particular phrases. Here they were a unit bowing to one god and here, too, they were individuals bowing after the manner of their particular characters.

They have been separated, made to seem leaders of particular schools, prophets of particular religions, formulators of particular creeds, perhaps because the world requires that its great men be catalogued or, rather, classified, in order that they may be more readily recognized. Distinctly, Ingres, Delacroix, Courbet disagreed with each other, but their disagreement was matter of personality, not of purpose. Delacroix, in the notes that he kept religiously for forty years, wrote among many epigrammatic phrases: "Nature is but a dictionary. A dictionary is not a book, it is an instrument with which to make books." That belief would seem to have crowded out the faculty in him to admire

anything in Courbet. Indeed, he accused him of "servility to nature". And yet he bowed to the love of life that animated Courbet, recognizing in it a twin to the love of life with which he was animated. His hatred of Ingres, his great rival, was more intense. It was more often than not unreasonable, a fault in Delacroix. Ingres revered, most of all, order, measure and proportion. He kept his imagination, well within prescribed bounds. He was, however, inventive.

Delacroix, in the hands of a sensuous romanticism, moved by the turmoil of life, the most vibrant music of it, could not accept that which he considered the poverty of Ingres, his cold formalism, his aloofness before sensuous influences. Ingres was as great an enthusiast as was Delacroix. But he was at the other end of the walk. He was ardently in love with order. He might have made a great organizer. His view of life was in the keeping of his will, while that of Delacroix answered to the tugs of his senses. Both of them realized that art without life meant death. Courbet was between them in the middle position. His art, too, was a reaction from the hollow affectation of the epoch. It took the shape of positive truth and built a monument to the force of nature, to the irresistible strength

of it, to the obvious fact of it. He was a man to whom both Ingres and Delacroix might have turned when imagination or will power made them fly too high, a rope holding the balloon to earth. His art was the most direct contrast to the superficial, worthless shell that art had become because it was an uncompromising, unshaded return to truth, to the truth of Rembrandt, if you will.

Following in the wake of Courbet and getting still nearer to the truth that had become a stranger to art came Manet, Monet, Sisley, Pissaro, Signac, Cassatt, Lautrec. Degas was influenced by the realists return to nature, but belongs more truly to Ingres. So with Cézanne and his disciples, the Cubists. The Futurists are feeble realists. To the influence of Ingres may be accredited the work of Corot, the idealist, of the archaic Puvis de Chavannes, of Serret, Cézanne and the Cubists. Delacroix might boast as disciples Daumier, Rédon, Renoir, Van Gogh. Van Gogh was an intense return to realism, but he had at the same time the romanticism of Delacroix. Gauguin was romantic as Delacroix and classic as Chavannes.

Cézanne is truly the great man of the great modern movement. He is in a sense a classicist, in a sense a realist. With Van Gogh and Gauguin and Picasso, as Mr. Davies has it, Cézanne arouses interest by creating disequilibrium and then by superior power, by the

force of his will creates the balance, the equilibrium. He is essentially a classicist; that is, like Ingres, he demands last of all, order, measure, the harmonious scheme that is essential, for example, to the completion of a musical composition. He insists upon the relation of color to form, as do the Cubists, of forms to each other, of their dramatic play in juxtaposition. He gives the impression of the disorder of nature and by his herculean will of its order. Far greater than to Ingres was the appeal of nature to his senses. He had to keep his balance while in the grip of a mighty, a passionate temptation. He was a poet, if you will, a rhythmist, but his rhythm was not the foolish jingle of the superficial stylist who adheres, like the sheep of art, to a set book of rules made to be applied to any and all conceptions, a mold into which nothing in life may fit because its form was not inspired by life. It was part of himself, like his gestures, his walk, the intonation of his voice and likewise the song that a particular aspect of nature sang to him. He formed a law of order that is dignified and serene, while at the same time it is filled full of the red blood of life. He is the apotheosis of the modern movement in art, as it is very comprehensively shown in this exhibition. While it is close to nature it is humanly creative, and in so far as man is superior to the instinctive beast he once was,

(Continued on page 178 of this issue)



"The Beheading of St. John," by Puvis de Chavannes

Courtesy of Mr. John Quinn





Rehearsal of the ballet on the stage, by Degas

*Courtesy of Duward-Ruel*

## MODERN ART FROM A LAYMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

By JOHN QUINN

UP TO this time those who like myself are interested in vital contemporary art, have had to go abroad to see it, and when like myself they make their annual visit in the summer, they miss the exhibitions in London and Paris in the autumn and spring. This exhibition has been organized by artists, not by dealers or amateurs.

I know, and am familiar with, the work of many artists both in this country and abroad, and I do not hesitate to say that the members of this Association bear the same relation to American art that the New English Art Club does to the Royal Academy and other English art associations.

The New English Art Club is perhaps the most vital and advanced art association in Great Britain. Its members embrace with some exceptions the new forces in contemporary British art. They do not all paint alike. They do not all think alike. They do not, I imagine, all admire each other's work. The feeling common to them all seems to be an aversion to the sentimentalities and conventionalities of academic painting and sculpture, and to the empty shop-work of picture dealers.

The two yearly exhibitions of the Club, one during May and June and one during November and December, are among the artistic events of London, and overshadow the exhibitions of the Royal Academy. If one wants to know what is going on in the London art world one goes to this club's exhibitions.

But the objects of the Association of American Painters and Sculptors are broader than those of the New English Art Club. Under the rules of the English body no pictures or works can be admitted to any of its exhibitions that have been previously exhibited in London. The American Association has no such limitations.

Here will be examples of the work of men about whose names historic battles have been waged, names of men who came victoriously out of the fight, men of many aims, men of unequal accomplishment, men whose work may clash. But all the work has been assembled with one aim, to bring before the art lovers of New York the work of modern artists that shows vitality, intensity, depth of feeling, imaginative insight or love of abstract beauty, the art of men who have had the courage to shun with scorn effete sentiment, the

"pretty" as well as the petty, the tedious story-telling picture, and the cheap confectionery that dealers so easily sell and that nauseates the lover of vital art. There will be in this exhibition the work of artists whose chief aim has been to render the vibration or rhythm of life in form and color, of others whose aim has been the beautiful and not mere prettiness, and of men the best of whom have saved themselves from the taint of insincerity.

Many people, in literature as in art, look with fear on what is new. They shudder at the idea of any fundamental change. But life means growth, and should mean progress. Growth is shown in the work of the great artists, from Rembrandt to Turner and from Manet and Monet down to Augustus John. Growth is life; stagnation, the failure to grow, is the great tragedy of art. When an artist ceases to grow and begins to work for profit or for dealers, or truckles to the palate of the uncultivated, he is dead. As an artist he has ceased to be. He lacks the honesty of the workman. Jean Francois Millet in his early days painted nudes and "pleasant" reminders of Boucher and Watteau. But he had the courage to turn from the demands of fashion and, though it meant poverty for him, he said: "Better turn bricklayer than paint against conviction."

Our customs laws provide that pictures over twenty

years old shall come in duty free, but vital, living art must pay duty. It is, of course, out of the dead art that the dealers make their great profit. Those who make more out of one Rembrandt or Hals than they would out of an exhibition of the work of a living man, don't want living art to come in duty free.

The stupidity and blindness of directors and official bodies has become almost proverbial. It is not confined to New York or to America. The National Art Collections Fund, of England, was founded in 1903 to secure pictures and other works of art for the English national collections. Its object is like that of the Societe des Amis du Louvre, and the Kaiser Friedrich-Museums-Verein, two active and powerful societies, that have secured for the French and German national collections many important purchases and gifts of work of art. The Societe des Amis du Louvre has a membership of over two thousand seven hundred, and in December, 1910, the National Art Collections Fund had a membership of nearly twelve hundred. These two bodies do not limit themselves to contemporary art. At the recent Rouart sale in Paris the Societe des Amis du Louvre purchased for the Louvre a Delacroix for 33,000 francs, and a fine Daumier for 66,000 francs.

The Contemporary Art Society, of London, was organized solely to encourage by purchase and exhibition the work of living artists or those recently dead,



The Seine at Argenteuil, by Monet

Courtesy of Durand-Ruel



Courtesy of John Quinn  
Portrait of two children, by Augustus John

and it is chiefly concerned with British art. It aims to fill the gaps in English "public museums and galleries, already overloaded with ephemeral work of the age preceding our own." If one considers the huge gaps in the collection of modern art in the Metropolitan Museum, for example, he will be moved to the conviction that the "ephemeral work" which covers or disfigures many of the walls is not limited to the "age preceding our own." It is putting it mildly to say that there are hundreds of modern pictures in the Metropolitan Museum that are unworthy of any interest on the part of a serious artist or critic or art lover.

That the heads of our museums are not the only official blind men in their failure to secure good examples of the work of living artists, is shown by the fact that at the recent Rouart sale in Paris the Louvre bid the highest price ever paid for the work of a living artist, and even then failed to get a picture by Degas; and that the Luxembourg paid 71,500 francs for a painting by Puvis de Chavannes that it could perhaps have secured for 500 francs twenty years ago. There were two great artists whose best work, while they were producing work, could have been bought for a few hundred francs, and yet those officials were as blind as bats to the genius

of these two great men. The Luxembourg had, I believe, but one example of Puvis de Chavannes; the Louvre, I think, has none. To make up for their official neglect, the Louvre bid up to over \$90,000 for a single painting by Degas and lost it, and the Luxembourg succeeded in getting only one painting by the great de Chavannes. But the Louvre, by recently accepting the Camondo collection, has acquired five or six works by Degas.

The ordinary man of wealth who buys on the dealers' recommendations seems to admire pictures only in proportion as they resemble other pictures. The man who buys pictures on their own merits proves the exception and not the rule. We have had in art, as in law, too much of the government of the living by the dead. As a famous Chinese critic, Su Tung-p'o, said: "To copy the masterpieces of antiquity is only to grovel among the dust and husks." That is why the recent gift by Mr. Thomas F. Ryan of the Rodin collection to the Metropolitan Museum of this city was so notable. That was a gift of living art, not of dead art, however historically interesting. American students of sculpture can



Courtesy of John Quinn  
Portrait of a Poet, by Augustus John

now study these living works here at home and feel something of Rodin's emotional range.

A gift of live art is finer than a gift of dead things. It is more courageous. The chances of mistakes are greater.

Fortunate are those who, like the late Henri Rouart, have the cultivation and the taste to discriminate between the good and the bad, and who have the courage to back their judgment. The Rouart collection was one of the best in Paris and represented the taste of one man. He was a man of cultivation and courage. Twenty or more years ago he bought paintings that are now admitted to be masterpieces, and they were then ridiculed as "daubs" and "caricatures." But he had the pleasure of backing his own judgment and of living with his beautiful paintings, and his heirs have reaped the reward in the fortune that his collection has brought. At the Rouart sale some pictures realized more than one hundred times what was paid for them. For example, five small Cézannes for which M. Rouart paid 100 francs realized 46,750 francs. The *Les Danseuses de la Barre*, which Degas sold for 500 francs, brought 478,500 francs. Ten Corots brought at the Rouart sale over

twenty times the prices realized at the Corot sale in 1875.

These prices will tend to make it more difficult for collectors of modest means to buy contemporary art in the future, but there is still room for taste and courage, and there is some compensation in the fact that the dealers generally wake up about twenty years after the birth of new art. One dealer of whom I have heard is, however, not without taste. He has for years made a specialty of selling Italian primitives and old masters, while as early as twenty years ago he was buying pictures by Degas for his own collection, and saying nothing to his wealthy customers about it.

The old men, the de Medicis and the Popes, were wise and good sportsmen. They did not merely collect the works of earlier dead artists. They employed artists to work for them, and they live for posterity chiefly because of their taste, courage and judgment in buying living art. The chances of choosing or guessing wrong in buying living art are, of course, great, but not greater and much less costly than the chances of buying forgeries or frauds.

When a man sets out to make a collection of the work of living artists he undertakes to anticipate the verdict

of the future. It is an exciting adventure. Not all have the taste and judgment to pick work that will live and to turn away from what will fade. That is why the pursuit is so exciting and why its followers may take pride and pleasure in the game. One risk that the buyer of pictures incurs is absent. There need be no danger of forgery or fraud. One can be certain whose work he buys. Of its paternity there need be no doubt. It is best to be a man of one's own age.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti once said or wrote that he had been reading Shelley's poetry and that it was "damned hard work." A person with money and no taste could go up or down Fifth Avenue and in the course of an afternoon collect a gallery of pictures, ancient and modern, that would not be worth the price of their frames. But it requires taste and study and many failures to assemble even a small collection of masterpieces. That it can be done is shown by the work of a young Irishman of culture, Sir Hugh Lane. He has brought together one splendid collection, and has been the organizing genius and director of two other galleries.

(Continued on page 176)



The Reader, by Manet

Courtesy of Durand-Ruel



"The Street Dance," by Jerome Myers

*Owned by James Speyer*

## THE AMERICAN SECTION THE NATIONAL ART

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE CHAIRMAN OF THE DOMESTIC COMMITTEE,  
WM. J. GLACKENS

**A**MERICAN art is above everything else skillful. American painters and sculptors are technical marvels. I mean the majority. They work with great fluency, manipulate the medium with an astonishing and almost sensational ease. Their painting is the kind of painting that wins prizes. But it is not the kind of painting in which one feels that the artist is actually enjoying himself. Indeed this skill in America is limited, limited by a lack of bravery—a fear of freedom or of honesty. It is skill enslaved by academies, skill answering to the dictates of a rigidly defined prescription—a prescription made general in order that it may fit everything and, therefore, fitting nothing exactly.

We have had no innovators here. But I do know surely what is meant by innovators in art. American art is like every other

art—a matter of influence. Art, like humanity, every time has an ancestry. You have but to trace this ancestry with persistence and wisdom to be able to build the family tree. The cubes of the cubists that must inevitably give us a sense of weight and seem to

be a marked departure from the much trodden paths of art are derived directly from Cézanne, who, in turn, is indebted to the impressionists and to the classicists—to the order-loving Ingres, for example.

Everything worth while in our art is due to the influence of French art. We have not yet arrived at a national art. The old idea that American art, that a national art, is to become a fact by the reproduction of local subjects, though a few still cling to it, has long since been put into the discard. This quite naturally and for very obvious reasons.



"The Shave Head," by Robert Henri



"Life-Bringing Sea," by Arthur B. Davies

The early Americans were illustrative. They followed in the tracks of the writers, and that is out of the way that art should follow. It was France that showed them the error of their project. Even Winslow Homer so much lauded as a purely native product, was never good, never the power that he became, until he got under the influence of France. It was through France that Homer, with America, began to get a knowledge or, in fact, a first sight of actual values. That is true, too, in the instance of George Inness, who worked his way out of the rut of the Hudson River school only after he had secured the assistance of the art of France.

But the national art, the truly national art, must be the result of growth; it has never come as a meteor, it never will come as a meteor. Our own art is arid and bloodless. It is like nothing so much as dry bones. It shows that we are afraid to be impulsive, afraid to forget restraint, afraid above everything to appear ridiculous.

Perhaps it is a reflection of the racial characteristic

come down to us from Anglo-Saxon forefathers—the same thing that inspires the sobriety of our clothes, the reserve in our manners. For while we have learned to throw off a lot of the formalism that is a veil between every Englishman that has remained a long time in England and life, it is being drawn again tighter and tighter over us as we grow older. Perhaps it is inevitable that the Gauls, who put no masques over their emotions, should become the leaders, pointing the way to us, infusing a little of their fire into our dead wood.

As to the trend of our art, whether it is realistic, classic or romantic, I cannot correctly define. These are, after all, but terms made up for cataloguers who hug index systems to their breasts, as though these might become or were the only coherent histories of the devious ways in which the efforts of mankind travel. They may be in a sense; index systems may casually place men in their proper relations to one another. But the best of them is very general and must inevitably



"Before Sunrise," by Arthur B. Davies



"Bud to Blossom," by Arthur B. Davies



"The Golden Stream," by Arthur B. Davies



"A Woman of the East," by Homer Boss

be very superficial. Heaven knows what an impressionist may be. The cataloguers here assuredly fuddled the original meaning.

The man with something to say is the important man in art—in fact, the only man who may claim the title of artist. The manner of his expression matters very little. That will take care of itself. The man with something to say generally says it pretty well.

I am afraid that the American section of this exhibition will seem very tame beside the foreign section. But there is promise of a renaissance in American art. The signs of it are everywhere. This show coming at the psychological moment is going to do us an enormous amount of good. It will go a long way. Up to the present time, of course, there are exceptions, the much-lauded American energy has been displayed everywhere

but in our art. It may be that the country, going through the process of building, has not had time for art. It may be that the money god has been a prepondering influence, a gaudy lure for our eyes, a too-strong appeal to our senses. I am not so sure of this, however. It may be that our most energetic men have not had time for art. But inoculate the energy shown elsewhere into our art and I should not be surprised if we led the world.

For American art is not without its strong men, men who have been working along the right lines, seeking to be artists instead of craftsmen, struggling for expression, not seldom gaining it, and standing up always for the right.

Theodore Robinson, Hassam, Weir and Twachtman were the first to bring here or to show the influence of the French impressionists under the leadership of Monet. They brought into our art a new theory of color, a color that was honestly derived from the color of nature. They brought into the country, in fact, a truth that we had not fully realized. They sent our landscapists out into the open, sent them out after a new view of nature and cleared away the murkiness of the studio landscape. The impressionistic color was accepted immediately but, unfortunately, not the new spirit of that new color. The academicians—I mean the school men—accepting it remained academicians. They reduced the color into a formula, as they ever do, concocted without particular regard to nature. It became as academic, as abstract as they.

The impressionists introduced the light of life into our art. The influence of Whistler was a reaction against that light. His color has proved particularly attractive to students, to the young painters, perhaps because it is a veil behind which to hide inefficient drawing, or because it makes good drawing easier. A knowledge of color is far more difficult to acquire than a knowledge of drawing, though either of these may be acquired by practice. I believe that the young student,



"Landscape," by Walt Kuhn





George Luks Paris



Steerage

George Luks



George Luks  
London

On the dock



Street sweeper  
Paris  
George Luks

Four drawings, by George Luks

and particularly as we see him here, is a better draughtsman than colorist; I mean a truer, a more honest draughtsman.

It seems to me that Arthur B. Davies stands alone in America or even in the world. He is the most important man in this country. But his art is not national; it is universal. He is a symbolist, a painter of ideas. He is one of the truest symbolists that ever lived, for his landscapes and his figures, their arrangement and their setting, are all directly related to the symbol, to the idea. Davies has felt the influence of the modern Frenchmen or of the old Italians, of Mantegna, for example, and insisted upon harmonious arrangement, upon order, which is the battlecry of the post-impressionists. He aims straighter, perhaps, than any other man here at beauty. It is easy to make a stab at the Davies sort of thing and many men have tried it, but how many have succeeded you know.

Ernest Lawson stands head and shoulders above the general run of landscape painters. His sense of color, of atmosphere, of sunlight are admirable. He is one of the few who with a palette of the impressionists is able to instil the sensuous luxuriance of the older masters. Lawson is an optimist if he is not a romanticist. His pictures have the liquid warmth of air as well as its clarity. Another vigorous landscape painter is Walt Kuhn, whom the cataloguers would call a realist. He has a remarkable amount of talent. Van Perrine and Elmer McRae are promising men in the field of landscape. James Preston is another who should be mentioned for beauty of color, for frank optimism.

Robert Henri has been and is one of the greatest



Panel, by Robert L. Chanler

patterns in joyous colors, that gave delightfully the impression of the light, the happiness, the rhythm, the harmony of life.

To John Sloan one must credit a wonderful sense of humor and an extraordinary insight into the antics of humanity. His mind is philosophical, his hand masterly. Jerome Myers has done some fine things, full of that virtue so important to all valuable art—truth. The sculptures of Mrs. Myers were a revelation to me—but I do not want to encroach upon the sculpture end of the show.

With Mr. Davies I believe that the exhibits of Robert L. Chanler are to be one of the most significant features of the American section. He is a young man of enormous vitality, of an enthusiasm that is rare in America, with individuality and a fine sense of the decorative.



Pastoral, by Gauguin

fighters in America, for the idea as against the technical stunt.

George Luks is a great draughtsman, a great colorist. When I employ the term colorist here I mean something perhaps apart from the way that term is generally construed. Color for color's sake is as ridiculous as art for art's sake. Color should be as expressive as drawing; it should be as closely connected with life. Luks's color runs hand in hand with his drawing. It is romantic, but deeply so, and without folly. He too, is one of the big figures of our art.

Maurice Prendergast is prominent as one of the men who has been consistently and thoroughly modern. Twenty years ago he was making



"The Laborers," by Van Gogh

## THE ATTITUDE OF THE AMERICANS

By FREDERICK JAMES GREGG

**T**HIS is not by way of an apology but only in strict justice.

The American painters and sculptors who have arranged for the International Exhibition of Modern Art, and those of them who are co-operating as exhibitors, have reason to claim for themselves the credit of true disinterestedness. It may be that they will benefit as much, or more, than the general public, but, on the other hand, it must be remembered that they are running a risk with their eyes open, the risk of the deadly comparison which is sure to be made by the newly awakened and even by the casual spectator.

The Americans who have done this thing with their eyes open are of all sorts and conditions. Some of them are academicians, others are occasional exhibitors at the Academy; others, again, exhibit anywhere and don't care what side of the street they are found on; others are members of various groups in New York

who have nothing whatever in common; others have given up exhibiting altogether, having become convinced of the futility of reaching the public in that way, and others believe only in "one man shows" under ordinary circumstances. It is something that individuals varying so on the subject of the display of art should have worked together harmoniously for what they regard as a great public purpose.

In the practice of their art the members of the Association and their fellow exhibitors present just as decisive contrasts as in the other matter. There is no doubt that in the case of a number of them it will be found that through their individual vitality they have been developing along their own lines, with the result that their works will hold their own even in the neighborhood of the innovators from abroad. This is no more than saying that a number of the Americans have been growing because they were alive and



"Maurice Denis," by Redon

couldn't help it. But undoubtedly one thing the exhibition will show, as anybody might have imagined without it, these are the men who have had no or next to no influence on their fellow countrymen.

It is possible that, when the affair is over, the verdict will be that the vast mass of the American works exhibited represented simply arrested development, and had nothing in them to suggest anything like the hope of posterity while, in the work brought here from Europe, and in that of the few Americans who have been dissatisfied and are struggling after something better was to be found all that was worth any serious attention. But if there was a great contrast and a discouraging one, that in itself will be but the clinching argument that the enterprise was necessary if the lethargy into which our painters and sculptors had fallen was to be put an end to.

We have had various exhibitions of so-called "Independents" and "Insurgents" and so on, but even in the case of the smallest of these it was hard for any man of sense to see what logical relation there was between the artists who showed their work together. There were always several of the associates who, you felt, ought not

to have been there. Taking this fact into consideration it is not so surprising that there should be a great variety of importance, or lack of importance, in so large an exhibition as the present one.

What is undoubtedly to be found in the Frenchmen is a quality in their work which, however it may irritate, or puzzle, or disturb, never produces dullness. If it indicates nothing but what is embryonic, that very fact stands for growth into fulness of existence. On the other hand, American art, or that part of it with which the ordinary man is perfectly satisfied, is deadly dull and suggests decay instead of growth.

The manner in which Americans have regarded their own painters and sculptors has affected their purchases of foreign works. Of course there were some daring collectors who bought Post-Impressionists' paintings before they were accepted abroad, but the tendency here was to wait until the drift of fashion had made itself felt.

The result is that it is almost as easy to anticipate what will be in the auction sale of an American collection of the accepted sort, as to predict what will be hung in the Academy exhibition. It is bad enough that

everybody should be wearing the same shaped hat and the same sort of boots, or reading the same popular novel, but it is ridiculous that everybody, who has the money, should be determined to have examples of the work of the same painters and sculptors as his neighbors. It is this peculiarity of our persons of taste that has flooded the country with dubious Corots and doubtful Rembrandts.

Nobody could possibly suggest that this exhibition will have a market value in increasing the mercantile quality of the great part of the American works put on view, for anything which blows up the accepted standards of convention is bad for business. It was in spite of such disorganization that the show was planned and carried out.

As for the future, that will have to take care of itself. It is better to have a bad and disturbed future full of struggles and uncertainties than no future at all. As for finality, it must be remembered that a grave is the only thing that anybody can own "in perpetuity." That is to say, as long as he is not put out of it.

Some persons who view the great exhibition in the 60th Regiment Armory, and even some artists, will have no idea of the amount of work performed by the members of the Association, at



"Head of Girl," by Wm. Glackens



"Woman with Rosary," by Cézanne

home and abroad, in getting the great show together. It is easy enough to collect pictures for an International Exposition. In such a case the result is a hodgepodge, each nation being represented by what is good, bad, or indifferent, but in the main by what is known as "official art." In this case a body of painters and sculptors set out to do a definite thing, to obtain a certain definite unity which was never lost sight of. The result is that as far as they were able to accomplish it, the exhibition has a positive unity.

Even if the American work in these rooms represents no such vigor as the European work, nothing was accepted or asked for which did not at any rate show a susceptibility on the part of the artist to the vital influences of his period.

Not only was it a difficult task to get the works together, but the exhibition and the preparation for

it involved so many details, and such a mixture of details, that the members of the Association had to give up a great deal of their time in committees and otherwise to hard and continuous office work. It is true that they expect to benefit from the exhibition, but this is not the thing that they have kept in mind. The main thing was to get the foreign paintings and sculptures here, and each man made the question of how his own work would look under such trying circumstances quite a secondary consideration.

As one distinguished American painter put it: "I am just as anxious as you fellows are to see how bad my pictures look."

Do NOT think that the dead are dead; as long as there are the living, the dead shall live.—*From the letter of Van Gogh.*



Panel in low relief, by Jo Davidson

## SCULPTURE AT THE EXHIBITION

By WM. MURRELL FISHER

WHILE seeking information with regard to the sculptural side of the forthcoming International Exhibition, the writer called on Mr. Mowbray Clarke, member of the committee on sculpture, and assistant secretary of the American Painters' and Sculptors' Association.

Mr. Clarke pointed out that the American sculptor works under disadvantageous conditions, as compared to his European brother. The latter has the great institution of the Free Salon for the exhibition of his work, he has constant opportunities for the interchange of ideas, there is more vital interest in art and life, an atmosphere, he is willing to make any sacrifice in order to realize his sensations and ideas, and he has more or less freedom of action. The American, on the other hand, depends on his art for his livelihood, which can only be obtained by means of portrait, architectural or monumental commissions; he has no place wherein he may exhibit more personal expressions (unless subject to juries) and has practically no artistic intercourse, and the result is extreme conventionality.

This is a groping period in intellectual and artistic development, an effort to get away from passive acceptance of things, a period of discovery, an effort to "stand off" and look at life with fresh eyes, to grasp the magnitude and wonder of it all, and to give interpretive expression to such sensations as are received. The several arts are influencing each other to a degree hitherto unknown; witness the greater structural

endeavor in painting, plainly a hint from sculpture and architecture; also the greater insistence on the decorative element throughout the plastic arts.

One cannot help but feel optimistic about the future of sculpture. In glancing back for a moment—reviewing the architectural sculpture of Egypt, the poetic realism of Greece, the sensuous vigor of the Renaissance, the attempts (not without their lesson) of the eighteenth century to revive classical tradition; the new life infused into stone by Rodin (he is his own Pygmalion), the explorative research of the men of our own time, observing how each artistic impulse added its quota to the sum of creative plastic expression, how can one fail to be inspired by this stimulating retrospect?

Rodin, who is, broadly speaking, the link between the classic and the ultra-moderns, opened up a new field in interpretive expression, discovered new possibilities in his material, and by partial revelation and suggestive treatment created that quality in sculpture now known as Rodinesque.

The younger generation of sculptors in America are, it seems, in embryo. The foreign stimulus is evident in the work of such men as Lee, Davidson and Dasberg. The exhibition should prove of immense value to the native student, showing, as it will, the tremendous sincerity of the men, their avidity of explorative research, and their certain achievements in forceful and synthetic expression. It is to be hoped that no students will be induced to do anything that does not

belong to them; rather is it one of the objects of the exhibition to help them to see vitally and sincerely. All students should carefully read Mr. Davies' Foreword, explaining the aims of the Association which has this exhibition in charge.

The foreign contribution to the sculptural section will be small—but fifteen pieces in all. Yet we cannot complain, for we are to see wood carvings by Yangnin, Rodin, and figures by Matisse, Picasso, Malliol, Lehmbruck and others. These things have a distinct and separate vitality of their own, whereas other more familiar figures imitate the real and accentuate the trivial. The female figure by Matisse expresses to a wonderful degree the sense of the elasticity of life and its upgrowing from the earth. It also possesses undeniable poise and charm. The bas-relief by the same artist is a splendid example of true decorative use, and its simplicity of pose and execution enhances its plastic appeal. In the mask cut from a pebble by an unknown artist, one is struck with the devotion to sense of form; it is tremendously sincere and possesses a jewel-like preciousness. The purposeful exaggerations in *The Kneeling One*, by Wilhelm Lehmbruck, greatly accen-



"The Back," by Matisse



"Young Girl at the Well," by Bernard

tuates the lyric grace of the female figure, while the pose is an inspiration. Malliol's male nude is forceful in interpreting the sheer weight and mass of the figure. All this work is sincere; there is no striving after cult, no dogmatic canons. Each is a conscious effort at self-expression, an attempt to revitalize the vision, no specialization is sought, anything that impresses them is worth while.

The American section will contain works by Gutzon Borglum, Barnard, Fraser, Carl Bitten, Solon Borglum, and others. Among the contributions of the younger progressives will be Lee's *Herakles* (in bronze), Dasberg's *Mephistopheles*, Duffy's female figure, *The Rain*, Grace M. Johnson's animal studies and reliefs, and important works by Jo Davidson and Chester Beach.



"In Summer," by Zak

## THE EXTREMISTS: AN INTERVIEW

WITH JO DAVIDSON

THE theory of the new modernist painters and sculptors is against representation. A picture should be itself, they say, "*Un tableau devait être soi.*" It should not be a representation of something else. They profess to approach eternal things in a purely subjective way. The question arises: Can you express something subjective in any other way than objectively? Can you keep the subjective subjective? Jo Davidson, speaking on this subject, said the other day: "These people object to objectivity. They point out that all the art up to that of today is founded on reminiscence. If their theory is true it follows that not only in painting and sculpture it is possible to ignore the past, but also in literature, and substitute sounds for words to express our thoughts and emotions. Language originated that way, but continuous thought only came when a vocabulary had been developed. Take the case of Gertrude Stein's *Portrait of Mabel Dodge*. This piece of prose—if prose it is—has a certain fascination. But does it convey any idea whatever of Mabel Dodge, to even the most intelligent reader. Indeed, if it were not described as a portrait on the cover, who would suspect what it was all about? Look at Picasso's *Portrait of Kahnweiler*. In each case there is that literary clew supplied by the title, which makes us immediately look for some suggestion of Mrs. Dodge or of Kahnweiler. And, after all, does not the very word portrait suggest a certain objectivity of approach? It is all very fine to

say that the tag is a concession to existing conventions. But why make concessions to existing conventions if existing conventions are all wrong? The virtue of the present revolution in art is that of all revolutions. The consequence of war is a new peace, which lasts for a while until another war is necessary. War is the only way to keep from stagnation and decay. It does give us new life and new ideas and increases subsequent fruitfulness. It is a stimulus to thought. There is no doubt in my mind that the extremists are epoch-making figures in the history of art. They have taught us at least that representation is not everything, that one can use the actual, more or less, subjectively. They are having a deep influence on men who do not altogether see light with them. I once asked a man whether Picasso actually saw things as he painted them. The man replied: 'If he did, on going into a restaurant for a beef-steak, he would eat the plate and leave the beef-steak.' But then these people are not painting what they see, but what they feel. They try to do away with all the *dichés* that exist in their brains. Their painting is a sort of subjective reaction against the actual. How far that reaction is carried depends on the personality of the painter or sculptor, and who, if not he, has the right to say how far he is to go. It was Oscar Wilde who remarked that the artist was the only true anarchist, because he was always a law to himself. The fact, Wilde's "art begins where imitation ends," is the slogan



of the new men. But if we accept that as true, what are art's limitations, or has it any? If it must be entirely creation, then it must not even suggest the actual, and the most extreme of the modernists are the only true artists, but that involves the absurdity that most of the things already done are not art at all.

"Another difficulty about some of the extreme men, as, in fact, with a good many of the classicists, is that there seems to be an absence of true consciousness of the material that they are handling, whether it be stone or bronze. After all, clay is but a makeshift to get at a permanent result with one or the other. In the case of some, their work seems to indicate that they do not take their material into consideration. I hold that a thing done in stone should look like stone and a thing done in bronze like bronze. A thing should be itself in its material as well as in other ways. The unrest to be found in much of the unrealist sculpture, while characteristic of the age, represents but a transition. For this reason, while much of it may prove important, as leading to the final creation of a new style, it cannot be regarded in its present stage as anything but transitional, and so not intrinsically of the highest importance, except historically.

"The extremists are always comparing their work with music. But the parallel is not a true one. Take



Portrait in Madras red, by Henri Matisse



"The Window on the Park," by Dearain

the compositions of Debussy, for example; no matter how far he may depart from his predecessors, he is never incomprehensible, because he keeps within the limitations of the science of music. He builds up all his music by using the existing forms and where he breaks the old-fashioned rules it is to go a step further. You can analyze his compositions, but can you analyze the late works of Picasso, for example? But then again it seems that the new men do not believe in analysis. There are very few of them who will even go to the trouble of explaining their own development. It does not follow that one will not meet plenty of amateurs ready to explain the pictures and the sculptures. Strange to say, they always find the objective in the subjective words: 'Why, don't you see those figures dancing?' or 'Don't you see that this is the Bay of Naples, with boats, ships, sea, sky? Why, it's wonderful.' It is found usually that such explanations are helped materially by knowing beforehand what are the titles of the canvases. Otherwise the expoundant might mistake one for the other. It seems strange to me, too, that you will find some painter who has taken years of struggle to reach a certain result. Then along comes some one who has probably never seen anything just like it before and what the artist attained through hard work and concentration, is perfectly clear and without mystery to the newcomer, who is, of course, at once in a position to explain away all the difficulties that confront the less gifted.

"It seems very stupid that so many should be willing

(Continued on page 180 of this issue)

# SPECULATIONS, OR POST-IMPRESSIONISM IN PROSE

By MABEL DODGE

Post-impressionism, consciously or unconsciously, is being felt in every phase of expression. This article is about the only woman in the world who has put the spirit of post-impressionism into prose, and written by the only woman in America who fully understands it.—*Ed. Note.*

MANY roads are being broken today, and along these roads consciousness is pursuing truth to eternity. This is an age of communication, and the human being who is not a "communicant" is in the sad plight which the dogmatist defines as being a condition of spiritual non-receptivity.

Some of these newly opened roads lie parallel and almost touch.

In a large studio in Paris, hung with paintings by Renoir, Matisse and Picasso. Gertrude Stein is doing with words what Picasso is doing with paint. She is impelling language to induce new states of consciousness, and in doing so language becomes with her a creative art rather than a mirror of history.

In her impressionistic writing she uses familiar words to create perceptions, conditions, and states of being, never before quite consciously experienced. She does this by using words that appeal to her as having the meaning that they *seem* to have. She has taken the English language and, according to many people, has misused it, or has used it roughly, uncouthly and brutally, or madly, stupidly and hideously, but by her method she is finding the hidden and inner nature of nature.

To present her impressions she chooses words for their inherent quality, rather than for their accepted meaning.

Her habit of working is methodical and deliberate. She always works at night in the silence, and brings all her will power to bear upon the banishing of preconceived images. Concentrating upon the impression she has received and which she wishes to transmit, she suspends her selective faculty, waiting for the word or group of words that will perfectly interpret her meaning, to rise from her sub-consciousness to the surface of her mind.

Then and then only does she bring her reason to bear upon them, examining, weighing and gauging

their ability to express her meaning. It is a working proof of the Bergson theory of intuition. She does not go after words—she waits and lets them come to her, and they do.

It is only when art thus pursues the artist that his production will bear the mark of inevitability. It is only when the "*élan vital*" drives the artist to the creative overflow that life surges in his production. Vitality directed into a conscious expression is the modern definition of genius.

It is impossible to define or to describe fully any new manifestation in esthetics or in literature that is as recent, as near to us, as the work of Picasso or of Gertrude Stein; the most that we can do is to suggest a little, draw a comparison, point the way and then withdraw.

To know about them is a matter of personal experience; no one can help another through it. First before thought must come feeling, and this is the first step toward experience, because feeling is the beginning of knowledge.

It does not greatly matter how the first impress affects one. One may be shocked, stunned and dismayed, or one may be aroused, stimulated,

intrigued and delighted. That there has been an *approach* is what counts.

It is only in a state of indifference that there is no approach at all, and indifference reeks of death. It is the tomb of life itself.

A further consciousness than is already ours will need many new forms of expression. In literature everything that has been felt and known so far has been said as it has been said.

What more there may be for us to realize must be expressed in a new way. Language has been crystallized into four or five established literary forms, that up to the present day have been held sacred and intranscendent, but all the truth cannot be con-



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tained in any one or in any limited number of molds. A. E., the Irish poet, says of it:

The hero first thought it—  
To him 'twas a deed;  
To those who retaught it  
A chain on their speed.

The fire that we kindled,  
A beacon by night,  
When darkness has dwindled  
Grows pale in the light.

For life has no glory  
Stays long in one dwelling,  
And time has no story  
That's true twice in telling.

And only the teaching  
That never was spoken  
Is worthy thy reaching  
The fountain unbroken.

This is so of all the arts, for of course what is true of one must, to be justifiable, be true of them all, even to the art of life; perhaps, first of all, to that one.

Nearly every thinking person nowadays is in revolt against something, because the craving of the individual is for further consciousness, and because consciousness is expanding and is bursting through the molds that have held it up to now; and so let every man whose private truth is too great for his existing conditions pause before he turn away from Picasso's painting or from Gertrude Stein's writing, for their case is his case.

Of course, comment is the best of signs. Any comment. One that Gertrude Stein hears oftenest is from conscientious souls who have honestly tried—and who have failed—to get anything out of her work at all. "But why don't you make it simpler?" they cry. "Because this is the only way in which I can express what I want to express," is the invariable reply, which of course is the unanswerable argument of every sincere artist to every critic. Again and again comes the refrain that is so familiar before the canvases of Picasso—"But it is so ugly, so brutal!" But how does one know that it is ugly, after all? How does one know? Each time that beauty has been reborn in the world it has needed complete readjustment of sense perceptions, grown all too accustomed to the blurred outlines, faded colors, the death in life of beauty in decline. It has become jaded from over-familiarity, from long association and from inertia. If one cares for Rembrandt's paintings today, then how could one have cared for them at the time when they were painted, when they were glowing with life. If we like St. Marks in Venice today, then surely it would have offended us a thousand years ago. Perhaps it is not Rembrandt's paintings that one cares for, after all, but merely for the shell, the ghost—the last pale flicker of the artist's intention. Beauty? One thing is certain, that if we must worship beauty as we have known it, we must consent to worship it as a thing dead.

"*Une grande, belle chose—morte.*" And ugliness—what is it? Surely, only death is ugly.

In Gertrude Stein's writing every word lives and, apart from the concept, it is so exquisitely rhythmical and cadenced, that when read aloud and received as pure sound, it is like a kind of sensuous music. Just as one may stop, for once in a way, before a canvas of Picasso, and, letting one's reason sleep for an instant, may exclaim: "It is a fine pattern!"—so listening to Gertrude Stein's words and forgetting to try to understand what they mean, one submits to their gradual charm. Huntley Carter, of the *New Age*, says that her use of language has a curious hypnotic effect when read aloud. In one part of her writing she made use of repetition and the rearranging of certain words over and over, so that they became adjusted into a kind of incantation, and in listening one feels that from the combination of repeated sounds, varied ever so little, that there emerges gradually a perception of some meaning quite other than that of the contents of the phrases. Many people have experienced this magical evocation, but have been unable to explain in what way it came to pass, but though they did not know what meaning the words were bearing, nor how they were affected by them, yet they had *begun* to know what it all meant, because they were not indifferent.

In a portrait that she has finished recently, she has produced a coherent totality through a series of impressions which, when taken sentence by sentence, strike most people as particularly incoherent. To illustrate this, the words in the following paragraph are strenuous words—words that weigh and qualify conditions; words that are without softness yet that are not hard words—perilous abstractions they seem, containing agony and movement and conveying a vicarious livingness. "It is a gnarled division, that which is not any obstruction, and the forgotten swelling is certainly attracting. It is attracting the whiter division, it is not sinking to be growing, it is not darkening to be disappearing, it is not aged to be annoying. There cannot be sighing. This is this bliss."

Many roads are being broken—what a wonderful word—"broken"! And out of the shattering and petrification of today—up from the cleavage and the disintegration—we will see order emerging tomorrow. Is it so difficult to remember that life at birth is always painful and rarely lovely? How strange it is to think that the rough-hewn trail of today will become tomorrow the path of least resistance, over which the average will drift with all the ease and serenity of custom. All the labor of evolution is condensed into this one fact, of the vitality of the individual making way for the many. We can but praise the high courage of the road breakers, admitting as we infallibly must, in Gertrude Stein's own words, and with true Bergsonism faith—"Something is certainly coming out of them!"



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## MODERN ART FROM A LAY- MAN'S POINT OF VIEW

(Continued from page 158)

He has given to Dublin the best collection of modern art to be found anywhere in the world outside of Paris. In that old house in Dublin on Harcourt Street, where Sir Hugh Lane's pictures are temporarily housed, there is a collection of better and more representative modern art than could be gathered from the Metropolitan Museum, the Corcoran Art Gallery, the Chicago Art Institute and many other American galleries combined. And that collection represents the taste and the courage of one man, and not of mere officials or committees.

In France and Holland and England school has followed school of art. They have had the Romanticists, the Barbizon school, the Impressionists, the Neo-Impressionists, the Pointillists, the Post-Impressionists, the Cubists and the Futurists. A few may be charlatans or insincere. But American art needs the shock that the work of some of these men will give. Our art has been too long vegetating.

If we must turn to work that is "brutal" or "crude" or "hideous" or that "hurts the optic nerves" of the academic painter, to be saved from the sweetness, the prettiness and the sentimentalities that we see on every hand, then let us accept the crude or the brutal. Better crude life than sickly or sentimental decay. When men like Vincent Van Gogh or Paul Gauguin painted their "brutal" pictures they knew quite well what they were doing. They did it deliberately. They preferred to fail in what they attempted rather than to be content with the ideals and copy or repeat the work of the generation of artists that had preceded them.

Where there has been an excess of prettiness or sentimentality there is likely to be a reaction in literature as well as in art. Speaking of this in one of his memorable prefaces, the late John Millington Synge wrote: "The strong things of life are needed in poetry, also, to show that what is exalted or tender is not made by feeble blood. It may almost be said that before verse can be human again it must learn to be brutal." It is a commonplace that the ugliness of one generation may be accepted as the beautiful of another.

Many amiable, well-meaning persons think that when they have gone through the usual routine of study they can produce art, but they succeed in being merely irritatingly rhetorical or sentimental. Some fail because they deserve to fail, because they are lacking in intellect and there is no permanently satisfactory substitute for brains.

There will, of course, be in this exhibition much work that may not live. There is no final criterion of great art. But there will also be art that in twenty or thirty years may be regarded as classic. The joy and the rigor of the game will consist in backing one's own judgment, and there will be more pleasure and greater pride in the appreciation and acquisition of work by men who are not famous today, but who may be the great names of the generation now coming on the stage than in the purchase of merely celebrated names.

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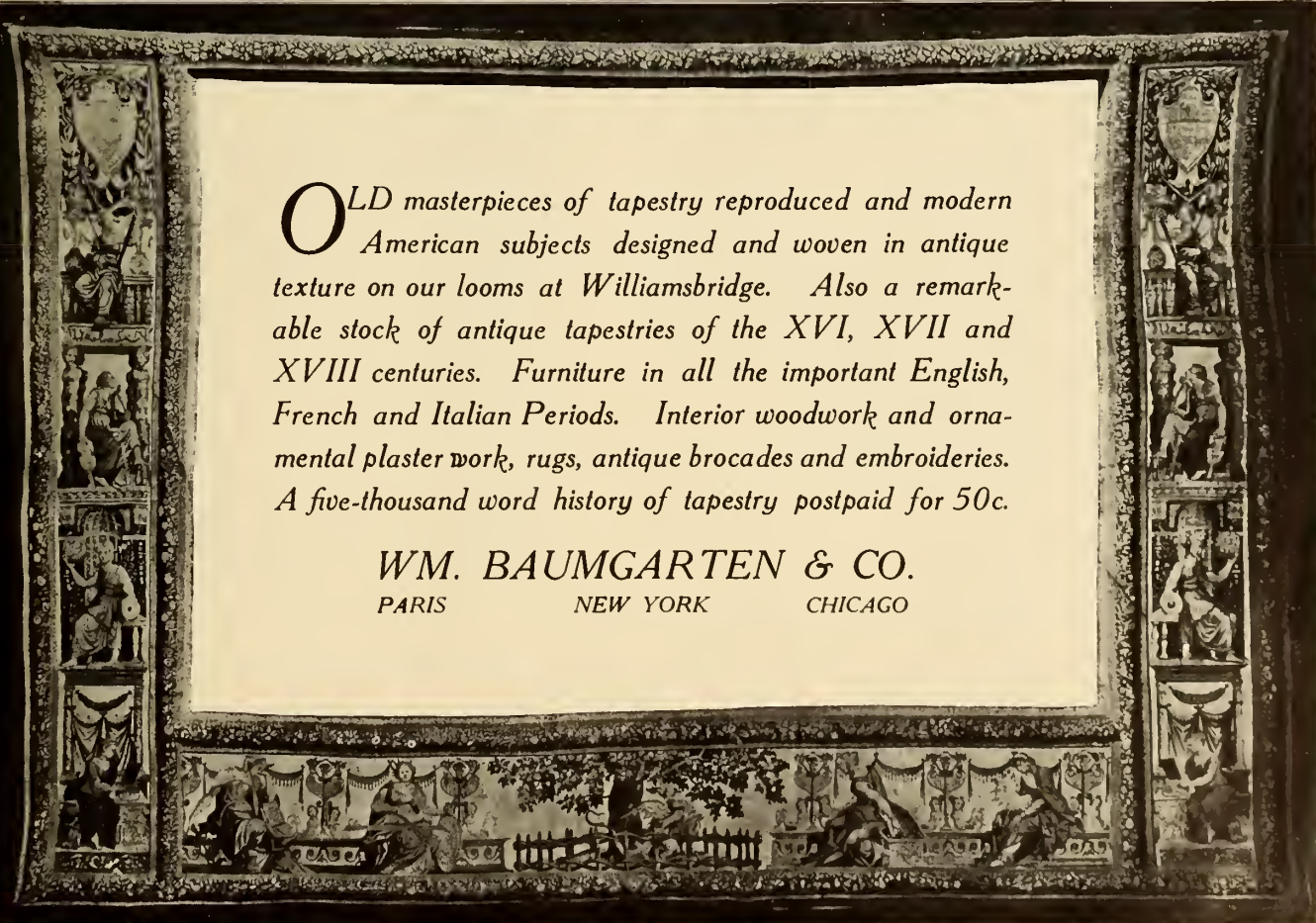
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## THE SPIRIT AND THE CHRONOLOGY OF THE MODERN MOVEMENT

(Continued from page 154)

it is superior to nature. It has this difference from the ordinary products of culture, its most extraordinary connection with life. This is a point that is most important. It has all the primitive force of the beast, from which culture has robbed little by little so much that is physical and at the same time the grand order that culture demands.

The Cubists, perhaps, led by Picasso, have realized most the importance of this classical order, of this rhythm. Quite naturally there are many sheep among them, who, having discovered the rule of the cube, dwell upon it to the extinction of life. These are the sensational extremists, the makers of superficial patterns, worthless patterns.

The artist should take the crowd along with him to higher heights. He should be a leader, careful that the crowd follow him. We have had many more or less sincere movements in art which could be of no value, because they were incomprehensible to the general mind. This is true, perhaps, of Maurice Denis, whose mind is extremely cultured; it was certainly true in the instance of the pre-Raphaelite propaganda, which, built upon stilts, died a very natural or an inevitable death. Man's will will carry him far, but it must not carry him too far.

This international exhibition should prove how much we are partners in this great projection. It should stimulate our creative power, show the way to freedom, to independence, throw off the veil of art's traditions that is hung between us and nature and destroy the worn-out formulas which too complacently we have made to serve our purpose.

America, with its great appetite for everything good in the world, should find in this exhibition a new stimulus, a fact as great as the declaration of our political independence. We have heretofore been but a foundling on the shore of art, and to no negligible extent a prey to the successful influences which, glamorous, push the world this way and that, without, as a matter of fact, greatly moving it. We have youth, energy, ambition—we should do great things when we have found our conception, found our individuality, thrown off the traditional shackles and become free men, looking at naked nature with naked eyes.

It will be said, quite justly, that while this exhibition is dubbed international, it centers about and plays upon, with particular persistence, the art of France. But this will be said by those who forget that the hub of the wheel of modern art is France and that after all, the other nations are but spokes of this hub.

It is not, furthermore, an unnatural happening that France should become the leader in this return to spiritual independence. France has always revered freedom, just as at the same time it has always revered order. Its present art, like the Marseillaise, with a wonderful orderly swing, sways the dormant emotions, brings them to life, while simultaneously, if one be attentive, it brings order into the chaos that it has created.



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### THE EXTREMISTS: AN INTERVIEW WITH JO DAVIDSON

(Continued from page 171)

to express an opinion on some of the new art when it can be nothing else but strange to them, it is so radically different from anything they are accustomed to. How can anybody judge unless he has seen enough to judge by comparing like with like. To say that you prefer a fresco to an easel picture is reasonable as far as preference is concerned, but from the point of view of criticism it is absurd, because there is no comparison between the two things. You cannot say that the apple is better than the orange. The apple is the apple and the orange is the orange. If one of us were transferred to the Island Mars and saw a woman with two eyes on one side of her head, and horns, we should find it impossible to say whether she was beautiful or not, until we have seen other Martians with whom to compare her. You can't compare a solitary Martian with all the inhabitants of the earth that you have ever seen.

"There is no doubt in my mind that when the first artist scratched the image of a mastodon on stone the populace asked him what it was. They could not have known what it was, for people cannot translate from one form to another without the habit. It is quite unreasonable for us to insist on understanding what these initiators are doing, until our eyes become more accustomed to the particular concept of form that they accept or follow. It is our consciousness of this fact and of accumulated facts that keeps us from approaching these men directly, because the reaction produced on looking at their work is such that the recollection of other pictures and sculpture keeps us from having any true freshness of vision. The reaction is produced finally by the accommodated impressions made by all the pictures and sculptures we have seen. You can't ask people to ignore their past experience, because that is part of their identity. It is true that the past is also part of the identity of the initiators. But there is this difference. Some recall the past in order to repeat or reproduce it, others to use it as a starting point or point of departure. This departure we may not recognize, because it has not yet existed in our experience. How much importance this departure from the representation of the actual has on the present is shown by the tremendous influence it has had already on the younger generation. It tends to make us approach art in its biggest sense and in a more abstract way.

"As for the forced naivety of some of the new art: It is ridiculous to try to produce things as if they never had been done before. The thing for sophisticated people to do is, on the contrary, to use the spirit of their age and produce art out of sophistication.

"Before jumping at conclusions, had we not better wait until we have seen enough. It is as much a mistake to accept a thing without understanding it as to reject it without understanding it."—F. J. G.



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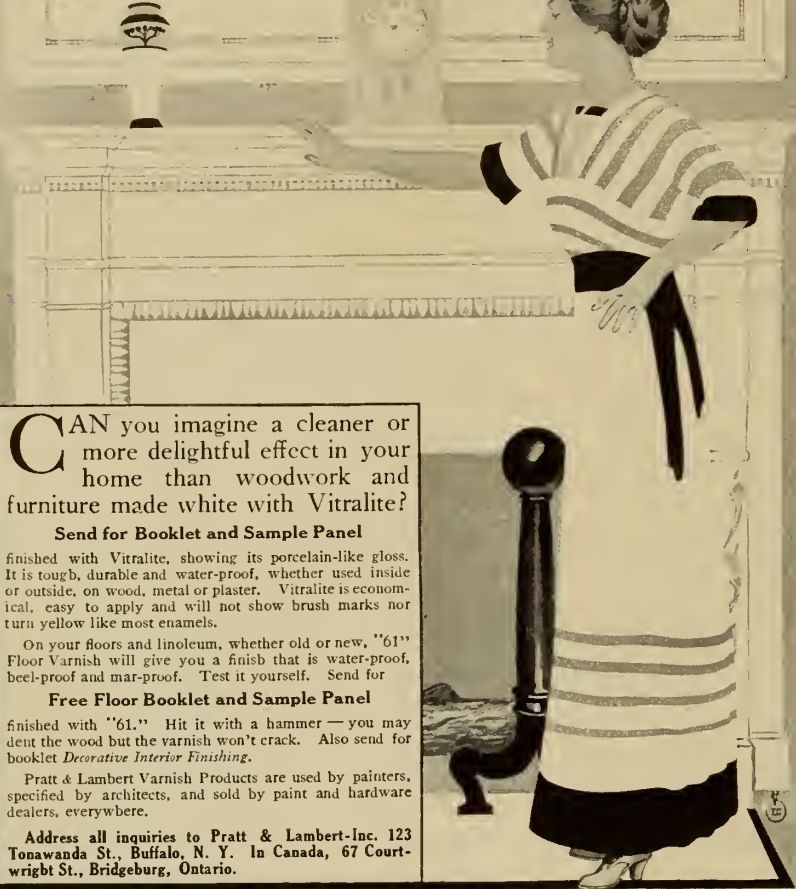
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## HIPPOLYTE DE KERLOSQUET DISCOURSES ON THE WAYS OF ARTISTS IN AMERICA

**H**IPPOLYTE DE KERLOSQUET strode up and down within the narrow confines of his room like a lion in a cage. Obviously, he was in a much perturbed state of mind.

"I do want to be not that individual which you call the back number.

"You believe you are in the front rank of the army of the choice. You this believe, your chest you, therefore, like the youngs, inflate. You are proud. *Mais*, with *vitesse* you discovere that your pride she is shallow, a rubber balloon for *un sou*, of vanity a specie.

"It is one blow terribl'. Every one who has been young some time they have it feel. It is inevitable." Monsieur de Kerlosquet rubbed his eyes with a handkerchief.

"Bot now encore I will not a man call an academician in the tone of the derision. I myself who have boast, who have like a Gascon act, about—what you call it—my perspicacity know *maintenon* that I am not more, that I am not less than an academician. It is this which she create my tears, she is of my sorrow the fountain. In Paris while I am there the auction of the collection Rouart she take place. I go there because here are some of those pictures which I like. I am delight. A Degas he is sell, with the commission, for, of the dollars, \$95,000. I am delight. I to myself remark the academicians they will be crazy, they will their eyes make to become crimson. I laugh aloud. A ver' *jeune homme* beside me he make the face that is gloomy. I do not not like those lines that go down in his face. So *premierement* I make the apology, then I require to know why those lines they point to earth instead of to heaven, which is the symbol for the happiness. Has he his mother lost? No, he has not. Perhaps he is hungry and the biting of that hunger she prevent the joy. 'No,' he remark with the figure that is acid, 'Why should I to be happy.'

"Bot', I persist, 'You are too young to be one academician.' 'No, I am not one academician,' he say, 'and it is that which it me make hurt to see the works of those *vieux pompiers* sell for those prices fabulous. Will those collecteres never learn?' I leave that *jeune homme* because maybe he is dangerous. Maybe he have from one asylum escape.

"Now I know bettere. I have go to your exposition of the Societe of the Painteres and Sculpteres American. It has much in it of the art which I do not know. They do tell to me it is the new art. It is an art which she do not copy the nature but simplement borrow the sensations from the nature. I do not feel that those sensation they are to me carried. It is lamentable. I fear that I become old; I will to appreciate this art try, bot I fear that become old. Maybe I am an academician—I shall try to love that word, it will be difficile—it will be like wearing a suit of a color that I do not like.

"Ver' soon or ver' late in this life we become the academician. We cannot that avoid, for the ferris wheel of the art she revolve too fast. We become dizzy. We to rest stop off. We are lost. The new art she is so far ahead that our eyes that are old they cannot see it."

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